

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

have turned their backs upon the truth that they themselves announced when they elected Urban. " O how mad you are, to have given the truth to us and preferred to taste the lie for yourselves 1 " In impassioned words, addressing them as " fools, worthy of a thousand deaths," she tells over again the whole story of the two elections, brushing away their supposed excuse that they did not actually vote for Clement. Had they not consented, they would not have been there, even if their lives had been the price of their refusal; for they could, at least, have protested, and did not do so. " On whatever side I turn, I find in you nothing save lies." Then, changing her tone, she implores them to return to the fold, and, at last, appeals to their national sentiment as Italians. "I have had the greatest sorrow for you three, and more wonder at your sin than at that of all the others who have committed it. For, if all had departed from their father, you ought to have been those sons who strengthened him, by manifesting the truth. Even if your father had given you nothing but reproaches, you ought not to play the part of Judas by denying his Holiness in every way.¹ Speaking merely naturally and in human fashion (for, according to virtue, we should all be equal), Christ on earth being an Italian and you Italians, I see no reason why patriotic passion could not move you, as it does the ultramon-tanes—save only love of self. Cast it henceforth to the ground, and do not await time (for time does not wait for you), but trample this affection under foot, with hate of vice and love of virtue. Return, return, and do not await the rod of justice ; for we cannot escape from the hands of God. We are in His hands, either for justice or for mercy; better is it for us to acknowledge our faults, and to abide in the hands of mercy, than to remain in sin and in the hands of justice ; for our faults will not pass unpunished, and especially those that are committed against Holy Church. But I will pledge myself to bear you in the sight of God, with tears and continual prayers,

¹ *Non dwevate perb euere Giuda.* So the Harleian MS.
The printed versions read: *non dovevate peri essere guida.*